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For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1896.

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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1896.

NUMBER 16.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these, in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between;
Future or past no richer secret folds,
O friendless present! than thy bosom holds.*

—Emerson.

Culture is never the result, primarily, of outward resource, but of inward energy, it is grace ever growing.

The human soul is ever being saved out of lower into higher life; like Sarah, it is never too old to give birth to Isaac, the child whose name means "laughter," the child of joy, cheer and encouragement.

The human soul is a climber, and only a climber knows the joys of life. It is only uninspired labor that is a burden. It is only unilluminated toil that becomes a drudgery. There is a stimulant that does not soil the breath or burn the body,—the stimulant of high ideals, noble enthusiasms, a passion for reform. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of" was the oracle of the spirit.

The Mohonk Conference is one of the most prophetic organizations in this country first called into being in the interest of the Indian. It has come to be the exponent of peace and high methods in the treatment of the unfortunate and unenlightened. Its recent meeting was given to the question of international arbitration. One who was there calls it "a most inspiring occasion." Our correspondent well says, "It seems to me the greatest cause committed to us at this important juncture." We would be glad to print more of this meeting if some one who was there or who has studied it will send us the material.

Judge O. P. Sterns, so long identified with everything progressive in the state of Minnesota, who has been in failing health for some time, has passed be-

yond. He died at Pacific Beach, Cal., where he had been residing since last October. A colonel of colored troops during the war, a jurist of high standard, a helper in all humanitarian ways, an independent thinker, one of the original founders and main supporters of the Unitarian Church at Duluth. Everywhere he was a man of mark to be missed and to be remembered. His body was cremated at Los Angeles, in accordance with his expressed wish. We send kindly sympathy to the bereaved family, parish and friends.

There is nothing in this world so cheap as intelligence, nothing so inexpensive as culture. It never pleads the argument of exhaustion. The pauper's plea comes not from these sources. "I am too tired to read!" "I am too sleepy to think when night comes!" Dear reader, do you not realize that you are tired, perhaps, because you have partaken of no refreshment? The mind grows emaciated with the hunger which beef cannot appease. The brain grows drowsy for want of thought. There is physical strength in brain activity. There is money-making power in poetry. The only way to make your own life endurable is to fill it with that which makes life radiant. By thought it is possible to convert pain into inspiration. By thought you may coin poverty into wealth, a wealth which thieves cannot steal, which moth cannot corrupt.

At the Anniversary of the Free Religious Association, recently held in Boston, the president, Col. Higginson, was missed from his usual place owing to a long illness from which, we are glad to learn, he is recovering. But his place was well taken by vice-president Mrs. Edna D. Cheney. Mr. Savage spoke a memorial word for O. B. Frothingham, Mrs. Woolley spoke on "The Forward Movement in Religion," and Edwin D. Mead, Mr. Crothers, F. B. Sanborn and others took part. This association has not outgrown its usefulness and the day has not come for it to disband. It is still too far in advance of the popular mind and the public clamor to be other than an ideal; but, like all ideals, it is more potent and precious than the actualities realized on lower levels and around easier standards.

Some of our exchanges, as well as individual critics seem to bank a good deal on the non-success which has waited upon the Liberal Congress this far. Its so-called failure to arouse missionary activities, organize liberal societies and reconstruct things in general, is offered as an excuse for withdrawing confidence or refusing further co-operation. The Liberal Congress is just two years old. How much did Methodism have to show at the end of two years? What was the two-year record of Unitarianism or Universalism, particularly in their inception? Indeed, who will give us the statistics of the two-year-old Christian Church, or what

true student of history will consent to have any of these movements measured by outward statistics at any time?

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain!"

Judging from the full reports in last week's *Christian Register*, the Unitarian Anniversaries at Boston were of the usual type, with much good talking, perhaps with less agitation and with fewer burning topics than for many years. If these reports are to be trusted, Unitarianism, as represented in the Boston Anniversaries, at least is better satisfied with itself than it has been for a long time. It talks more confidently of "the Unitarian Church" and its part in the "Christian" army. On executive lines it also seems to have found harmony. The attempt to increase the representative character of the A. U. A. was practically abandoned, the amendment looking toward reducing the number of "individual members" was laid aside. Edward Everett Hale seems to have been, as usual, one of the youngest among the speakers. In his address he rung the changes on his favorite phrase, "the church of the spirit" in a most helpful and inspiring fashion.

The English Unitarian brethren seem to have had a more stirring anniversary meeting than their American brethren. The inspiring event was the address of Mr. Sunderland, the American who had just returned from his tour of investigation and observation of the Indian field under the auspices of the English Unitarian Association. The exciting subject of controversy was what seemed to be a frank confession of decadence of the Unitarian cause in England by the stalwart conservative, Rev. Robert Spears. The value of his statistics and the legitimacy of his figures were promptly challenged by many others, and Mr. Spears' position justifies a halting acceptance, because they were manifestly in the interest of theological bias which assigned the assumed decadence to the free course given to Biblical criticism and the humanitarian and rationalistic emphasis placed upon the life and work of Jesus. Altogether, the English Unitarians seem to have had a lively time and it must have done them good. Agitation, discussion, even controversy, is more healthy than suppression and a peace and quiet secured by dexterity and caution in committee rooms.

We present on our title-page this week the camera's record of the way the cyclone dealt with the beautiful little Unity Church of St. Louis. The picture will say more than pages of writing. We hear much of the "unearned increment" in these days of sociology, none too much. There is a wealth not merited by the individual, not earned by him or his, which he holds at his peril, in any other way than as a trust left him to administer. It is his by virtue of the corporate life of man. It is his by virtue of the fact that he is a denizen of the world. The visitation of the cyclone suggests the need of another phrase which we venture to coin, "the unmerited decrement." There is a destruction of property, a loss of value to which we are all sub-

ject, but for which no individual is responsible. The visitation of these great cosmic forces is beyond the control of man and we ought to be fellow sufferers, co-sharers in the loss. It is a mean man who can witness a visitation like this storm, denuding his fellow beings, particularly his friends, without instinctively putting his hand into his pocket to share in the misfortune, giving not what he has to spare, but giving out of his needs to those who have lost much if not most of their necessities. Friends, let us help rebuild this chapel. Let us do it right now, so that we may give heart to the distracted parish as well as shelter to the dismantled society. As they are now, we may be some day. Let us stand together. We are assured that the needy poor are already helped. Now the struggle is to find ways and means of reaching the people who, until this calamity were themselves helpers and who again, after the calamity has passed, will become still more willing helpers of the world. Any subscriptions sent to this office will be duly acknowledged and passed on to the proper person.

Meadville in June! With its graduating class, its decorations of ferns and daisies, was as delightful to the eye and quickening to the heart and mind last week as it was twenty-six years ago, when the writer took his diploma and faced the world. Nine students in the graduating class, several of whom intend, we believe, to further pursue their studies at Harvard next year. Messrs. Slicer and Applebee of Buffalo, William Channing Brown of Gardner, Mass.; Howard N. Brown of Boston and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago were the non-resident visitors. Mr. Brown of King's Chapel came to preach the annual sermon, in which he made high spiritual uses of the growing recognition among teachers of the power of imitation or the principle of mimicry in the unfoldment of the world. In this he discovered the abiding power of Jesus. Mr. Slicer and Mr. Jones came in the discharge of their duties as trustees, the other two, more recent graduates, to bless themselves with the reunion. The address to the graduating class on Thursday morning was by Mr. Jones. Only four out of the nine topics were on what used to be supposed proper theological topics. These were papers on "Christian Union on the Basis of the Religion of Jesus," "Dr. Furness as a New Testament Scholar," "The Transient and the Permanent in the Old Testament," "The Christ of Theology and the Jesus of History," and as indicating that Meadville brings religion down to date, there were papers on "The Opportunity of Establishing International Arbitration," "The Red Cross and the Red Crescent," "Property as a Trust," "The American Church" and the "Chivalry of Civic Reform." The graduates were as follows: Frederic Curtis Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Adelaide Avery Clafin, Quincy, Mass.; William Safford Jones, Boston, Mass.; Harry Sumner Mitchell, Brookfield, Miss.; Clyde Elbert Ordway, Barton Landing, Vt.; Charles Daniel Reynolds, Gettysburg, Pa.; Abel Maynard Rice, Lynn, Mass.; Carl August Voss, Cincinnati, O.; Ernest Voss, Cincinnati, O. Altogether Meadville is a more attractive training school for those who would

advance the interests of morals and religion than it ever has been before. Prof. Freeman and his wife, and Prof. Christie will be on the wide, wide sea before this note reaches our readers. President Carey is slowly recovering from a severe illness, and his absence from the exercise was the one regret of the otherwise happy occasion.

— — — — —
 "Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
 How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

The Republican party, whose claim for eternal fame rests in the fact that it led in the great work of emancipation; that it was given it to shape the administration that declared the equality before the law of the man with the black skin, and relegated to barbarism the prejudices based on slavery. The party whose boast for thirty years has been that it has been the defender of the down trodden, the champion of the despised, now comes to its great quadrennial festivals, and lo! no hospitable door of hotel or restaurant will open to its own wards. How hollow do its pretensions seem or rather, how weak is its influence, how conventional is their potency. Is the shame one that belongs to St. Louis alone, or is it still a national shame? The world looks with pitying eye toward the wind-plowed city, but the same world looks with scorn and contempt upon a city that in this day and generation is guilty of this outrage to all the humanitarian instincts in obedience to a social prejudice or commercial anxieties. The poor hotel men can offer no better excuse than the necessities of business, "their boarders will leave," "my help will abandon me," etc., etc., all of which only goes to prove how hardly can a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven; how near to meanness are the business man's standards; how despicable are the prudences that make for prosperity when they throttle the higher instincts of the human heart and blind the eye of conscience. Shame upon St. Louis! Shame upon the business standards that presume to justify the conduct of these hotel keepers for business reasons! Shame upon the Republican party! Let it never more appeal to its history, never again undertake to conjure by the names of Lincoln and Seward, Sumner and Chase unless it will, before it leaves St. Louis, clear its skirts of all responsibility, vindicate its standards by such a ringing rebuke that St. Louis as well as the civilized world may not fail to understand it.

— — — — —
 "Commencements."

The air is full of congratulations to "sweet girl graduates" and happy boy orators. Every community in these days feels a spring-like touch of hope and freshness coming from the school room. Thousands of homes are rejuvenated and in a high way reclaimed, that is, claimed again to the service of the ideal by the achievements of the school room. Thousands of people find their lives recommitted to sweet and heroic things by the persuasive words that fall from the inexperienced lips of youth. There is something very inspiring in the thought of the preparation years fading into the executive years, as the fragrant hours of the early morning give way to the exacting

vigor of the working hours. Similes abound: The soldier now fully equipped, ready for battle; the sailor with cargo all aboard, ready to hoist his sail; the farmer with his field planted and seeded, ready to till and to garner. These and a thousand other figures are being worked and overworked these days. We would not detract from the ideality of graduation days. We do not distrust the poetry that pulses in the heart of the fledgling as he stands on the brink of the nest, impatient to try his wings, drunk with the glad inspiration that pants to test the joys of flight and to know the freedom of the upper air, though we know what he does not know, that the brink of that nest is not the starting point to soaring flight, and that there will be many a tumble before the glad flight will be realized. There is from the vantage ground of years an undertone of sadness in all this congratulation over "the completion of study," "the finishing of the course." In these phrases there is a strange irony corrected by the happy old English term "commencement." The word as well as providence would indicate that it was a beginning and not an ending of study. Actually, however, in too many lives, it does indicate a stopping place rather than a station on the road. We are in danger of making too much of the "diploma" in our American schools. The parchment signed by faculty and trustees engrossed in ornate text and worded in bombastic Latin, may do more harm than good. Life at twenty is necessarily an immature and incomplete thing, however the examinations and gradings may stand. Starr King said, "Nobody can become wise in the best college on this planet between twelve and twenty."

Let it be remembered that the graduate physically, mentally and spiritually is necessarily an immature being. The strain of getting through has very likely over-reached itself. The task, instead of being behind, is still before him. That is a very shallow and normal estimate of life that struggles through the end of the school course, then draws a long breath and with painful and dangerous complacency closes the books of study and begins life by stopping to live in the upper stories of being. If, as parents, we were half as eager to surround our children with the incentives to culture and stimulants to study after they leave school as we are to continue them in school long enough to receive a diploma and "finish" a course, there would be fewer failures in life, less need to bemoan the fact that the sons and daughters who take honors in school so often disappoint the expectations of graduation day.

"My son or daughter can have no more time for preparation; he or she must now go to work." This is a sad way of putting it. Such a boy or girl is just beginning and there is no reason why the work and the study should not be going on together, making of the future years growing years. The boast of the Manual Training system is that the systematic use of hands in technical and practical directions increases the activity of the brain and makes it more ready to take a hold of those things hidden in books. Work stimulates and emphasizes the study. If this is true in school, why should it not be true out of school?

The young man or young woman who assumes that intellectual activities must be forgotten inasmuch as now they must take up the so-called practical affairs of life, does so on very inadequate premises. He or she bargains for intellectual stagnation with no justification for the same. In the large estimate of life it is safe to say that the mind's maximum is not reached on the sunrise side of fifty. Other things being equal, no one chooses the opinion of a physician at twenty-five to the opinion of one at forty-five. The boy lawyer does not carry the weight at the bar that the attorney does who has grown gray in his profession, and it is an unconscious recognition of the unreality of many people's religion, and the artificiality and conventionality of the life of many churches that there is such a fancy for young preachers. The suavity and glibness that goes with youth, is to often preferred to the wisdom that is born only of experience. What is true of the professions should be true in regard to all men and women. The great achievements of life have been accomplished by men and women in the gray of life, not in the downy years of youth. The very reasons we speak of as reasons why study must cease, are the reasons which make the acquiring of knowledge not only more imperative, but more available than ever before.

No college parchment can make a Bachelor of Science or Master of Arts out of a silly girl or a tainted boy, and no culture of book or of laboratory can make a gentleman out of a selfish soul, or a lady out of a shallow woman. This conception of morals, this appreciation of spiritual laws, is slowly dawning upon those who pursue the post-graduate studies of life in the perpetual university of the world.

Come forth into the light, O "graduate." Come close to the heart of nature. Come into the sympathies of human nature. Find shelter in the shadow of the masters. Find inspiration in the quest which inspired them. Wordsworth's "Meanest flower that blows," Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall," Burns' "Mountain Daisy," and Emerson's "Rhodora" bloom for you and for me and have for us their lesson too deep for tears, too high for doubt. The sandpiper runs across the sandy beach and the water fowl wings its solitary way through the blue above for you and for me as they did for Celia Thaxter and William Cullen Bryant, and they may teach us, as them, lessons of trust, lessons of hope, lessons of high emprise, bold adventure, tireless quest.

Duty and Inclination.

"Stay at home," said Inclination,
"Let the errand wait."
"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,
"Or you'll be too late."

"But it rains," said Inclination,
"And the wind is keen."
"Never mind all that," said Duty,
"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky;
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Rain unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination.
"Go," said Duty, "go."
Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Or a selfish "No."

You will smile if now I tell you
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.

—Children's Friend.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush.

God's blessin' on ye'r cannie pen,
"Maclaren," ye'r a prince o' men—
Wi' Burnbrae, ye maun be "far ben,"
To write like yon;
A bonnier book a' dinna ken—
God bless you, John!

A've read it sax times o'er, a' sweer,
An' ilka time a' lo'ed it mair,
Tho' whiles it made my hert richt sair
An' gar'd me greet,
An' whiles a' lauched until a' fair
Row'd aff ma seat!

A' day, an' in ma dreams at nicht,
A'm wanderin' wi' renewed delight
An' feastin' on each bonnie sight
In yon sweet glen;
Conversin' aye wi' a' thae bricht
Drumtochty men.

A'm fair in love wi' Marget Howe,
An' truly feel for puir Drumsheugh,
An' aye a'm there at Whinnie Knowe
Ilk' eventide,
For there the Bonnie Brier-Bush grew,
An' Geordie died.

Puir Domsie! he's as real tae me
As ony leevin' man can be,
Whuppin' the thistle-heids in glee
While on his way
To tell o' Geordie's victory
Yon glorious day!

An' Burnbrae, elder o' the kirk,
An' Hillocks, type o' honest work,
An' Soutar, wi' sarcastic quirk,
An' big Drumsheugh,
Wha'd maybe haggle o'er a stirk,
But aye wes true.

An' Donald Menzies, "mystic" chiel
(A Celt wes he frae heid tae heel),
Who warstled awfu' wi' the Deil
For mony a day,
Wi' him a' canna help but feel,
An' groan an' pray.

An' Lachlan Campbell, wha wes ca'd
"Censorious," wha regairded God
A sovereign rulin' wi' a rod,
An' no' wi' grace,
An' wha' the very session awed
Wi' ghaist-like face.

Him suffering sair mak's sweet an' mild
As shadows veil the Grampians wild,
Till "like unto a little child"
He comes tae be,
An' o'er the erring and defiled
Bends tenderly.

Wi' these and mair, in godly fear,
We sit yon Sabbath day an' hear
"His mither's sermon" frae the dear
Young preacher lad,
An' wi' them shed a secret tear
That isna sad.

An' wi' them on anither day,
When kirk is oot (tho' wi' dismay),
We join tae mak' a bold display
An' cheer Maclure,
Oor doctor, wha, wi' little pay,
Serves rich an' poor.

Aye, dear Maclure! him maist o' a'
We lo'e, an' thro' the drifts o' sna',
Unmindfu' o' the north wind raw,
We tearfu' come;
Wi' a' the mournin' glen we draw
Near-haun his tomb.

An' barin' there oor heids, we pray
That we may so live ilka day
That when we come tae pass away
Frae a' things here,
Truth may the tribute to us pay
O' love-wrung tear!

Ay, "Ian," ye're "a lad o' pairts,"
An' maister o' a' the winsome airts;
Ye'r bookie by its ain deserts
Wull live for aye;
The benediction o' oor herts
Ye hae the day!

—J. W. Bengough, in the *Toronto Globe*.

The Taj-Mahal.*

Agra, India, May 5, 1896.

I write out of a flaming furnace, for I can scarcely otherwise describe the heat which rages here from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. It runs on some days as high as 114 degrees, but is usually much less at night; and they say that during May and until the June rains begin it will be equally hot. The whole air seems to be waving, glowing heat—hotter than one would willingly bear before a fireplace on a wintry day. I think I shall never allow myself to complain of cold again!

Every preventative plan is taken against the heat. The cars have double roofs, with an air-space between, and double sides half-way down. At some of the stations men throw pails of water over the lower part of the car sides, to cool them off. The passengers also throw water over the floor as they ride along. Each car has three windows on a side. Two of these are regular, with blinds which raise or lower. The middle window on each side has a curious attachment: Double panes of zinc plate, set about four inches apart, fill each window, and a reservoir of water two or three inches deep is at their base. In this frame is hung a stiff splint matting—circular, and revolving on a central pivot. It rotates through the pan below and soaks itself with water which, as it is brought from bottom to top, runs back along the fibers and wets the whole mat. The wind blowing through this causes rapid evaporation and cools the air. Sitting against this window, after having vigorously turned and wetted the mat-wheel, one feels a coolness which is at times even cold. The doors to the European houses and offices are all of a heavy fiber matting, which servants drench with water every hour. Some carriages are fitted up in the same way. I pity the poor natives, who have not these appliances, and who swarm in their houses to an extent almost inconceivable. I do not wonder that they go naked, or nearly so.

This is the height of the hot season, for May is the hottest and driest month in the year. From December to March the weather is delightful in the daytime, and the nights are cold enough for open fires. I travel at night, and by the help of the moon get the outlines of the scenery. The country is now parched, yellow and unattractive. The cattle have betaken themselves to the streams and the tanks, and lie there with only their heads out of water. But I have seen enough since I landed to know that India is, in the season, one of the most delightful countries in the world to travel in; probably unequaled or unapproached by any other, unless it be Japan. More that is strange and interesting can be seen here in one day than in a fortnight in any part of Europe or America. A sight of the Taj-Mahal, the tomb of Nourmahal ("The Light of the World"), the beautiful queen and wife of Shah Jahan, is alone worth the trip from America to India. It is said that twenty thousand workmen were constantly employed for twenty-two years in building the Taj, at a cost of twenty millions of dollars. It was completed in 1647, when the empress' remains were removed into it. The emperor soon followed, his tomb being close to hers in the central crypt. Crowds of pilgrims and sympathizing visitors have gone to this dual tomb on every day of every year during the past two and a half centuries.

I have read often in past years that the Taj is the most

*Extracts from a letter written by Prof. Henry A. Ward of Rochester, New York.

beautiful edifice in the world, but I had no idea that anything could be so supremely, so exquisitely beautiful. It is like a dream of Heaven in its ineffable effulgence. I am not ashamed to say that it completely overpowered me as never has anything else which I have seen. I sought a quiet, retired spot in the shady grounds, where I sat for an hour to gaze at the outside of the structure. Tears came to my eyes with each look, until at last I found myself absolutely sobbing. I spent the entire forenoon there, in and outside the edifice, and came away impressed as by nothing else of material make which I have ever seen. Delicacy in magnificent monumental dimensions is the characteristic of the whole. Spires a hundred feet high are as delicate as sprays of a tiny fern. Massive walls extending for a hundred yards seem like barriers of lace-work. The dimensions are really very great, both in superficies and height, but the symmetry is so perfect that all seems delicate and gem-like rather than massively grand, as it really is.

The Taj stands in an enclosure with turreted walls on three sides, entered through a lordly gateway more than a hundred feet high, and flanked with marble facings covered with sentences from the Koran in handsome, bold, flowing Arabic script. Within is a beautiful garden—nine hundred feet on a side—densely filled with palms, mjas, pomegranates, oleanders, roses, honeysuckles and ferns, making a shade grateful in the day's heat and vocal at evening with the bulbul and the nightingale. Through the middle of the garden, straight from the entrance gate, with a narrowing perspective, runs a canal with white marble sides level with the pavement, and a row of lotus plants through its middle. Bright, sparkling water fills it to the brim, and gold and silver fishes swim to the very feet of the passer. Rows of slender dark cypress trees border the sides of the marble-lined canal. At the end of this lovely and fitting avenue rises the Taj. The garden beautifies the tomb as the tomb dignifies the garden. It is a lovely wilderness of rich, tropical vegetation; nothing is gloomy, not even the cypresses, yet all is subdued and redolent of a quiet sadness. There is sustained, harmonious, quickening sorrow, even in majestic pride from the verse over the entrance gate: "Only the pure of heart shall enter the Gardens of God" to the small, delicate letters on the tomb: "The Exalted of the Palace lies here; Allah alone is powerful." The monotonous repetition of the ninety-nine names of Allah is wearisome, yet one meets many fine, noble verses, translated by scholars from the Arabic. Of these none seems to me more noble and beautiful than this from the tomb of the Shah, who—lord and lover—lies beside his queen: "This world is a bridge; pass thou over it, but build not upon it. This world is one hour; give its minutes to thy prayers, for the rest is unseen."

I have observed that, though copious in details of other things, few travelers in India undertake a description of the Taj itself. Amid such wealth, such bewildering detail and profusion of beauties, one is powerless to transfer the picture. Its effects upon the mind, perhaps, may be described, for at each visit something new is seen; it bears a different message, and we feel that more is coming and has been coming through the ages, for we are apparently in the presence of a creation greater than ourselves.

Before my visits I read repeatedly the beautiful poem of Sir Edwin Arnold, and I have it now at hand. Let me quote a few lines to cover my own barrenness of description.

He enters the enclosure:

"Through the vaulted door opens to sight
A glorious garden: green, forever green;
The palms rise feathered, and the pipal boughs
Whisper men's doings to the listening Gods
With watchful leaves; citrons and rose-apples
Keep their bright blossoms and their jeweled fruits,
And broad bananas flaunt their silken flags."

He passes down the central avenue between the cypresses:

"These trees of mourning marshal you. Between
Gleams the paved way, laid smooth in slabs of white,

River-like running through the banks of green, its crystal
face

Rippled with gliding fish and lotus-leaves.
Led thus by glittering garden-causeway, the gaze lights
On that great tomb, rising prodigious, still,
Matchless, perfect in form,—a miracle
Of grace and tenderness and symmetry,
Pearl-pure against the sapphire of the sky.

* * * So is the Taj;

You see it with the heart, before the eyes
Have scope to gaze. All white! Snow-white! Cloud-white!
Like a white rounded cloud seems that smooth dome.

* * * * *

Hushed you advance—your gaze still fixed! Heart, soul,
Full of the wonder, drinking in its spell
Of purity and mystery; its poise
Magical, weird, aerial, as if that Sultan's sigh
Had lived in issuing from his love and grief
Immense, and taken huge embodiment
Which one rash word might change from tomb to cloud.

* * * * *

And ever in the womb of that white roof
Echoes sigh round and round—low murmurings,
Voices aerial, by a word evoked, a footfall,
And if some woman's lips and gentle breath
Utter a strain, if some soft bar be played,
Some verse of hymn or Indian love-lament,
Or chord of seventh—the white walls listen close,
And take that music, and say note for note
Softly again: and then, echoing themselves,
Reverberate their wedding antiphones,
Low waves of harmony encountering waves
And rippling on the rounded, milky shores,
And making wavelets of new harmonies.
Thus—fainter, fainter—higher, higher—sighing
The music dieth upwards; but so sweet,
So fine and far, and lingering at the last,
You cannot tell whence silence comes; the air,
Peopled by hovering Angels, still seems full
With stir celestial."

In final lines he notices the peculiar inlaid work of the
Taj's interior:

"But yet a greater wonder! Its sides hold inlaid wealth
Of fair, delicious fancies, wreath and sprig,
Blown tulip, and closed rose, lilies and vines,
All done in cunning finished jewelry
Of precious gems—jasper and lazulite,
Sardonyx, onyx, blood-stone, golden-stone,
Carnelian, jade, crystal, and chalcedony,
Turkis and agate; and the berries and fruits
Heightened with coral-points and nacre-lights
(One single spray set here with five-score stones),
So that this place of death is made a bower
With beauteous grace of blossoms overspread,
And she who loved her garden lieth now,
Lapped in a garden.

And all this for Love!"

Shah Jahan lies in the mausoleum with his wife. So in
building her tomb he also built his own. And the fact
remains that Mohammedanism, with its low place for
woman (a fact greatly exaggerated by Christian writers),
and with its millennium of polygamy, has nevertheless built
to a woman the most beautiful and costly mausoleum the
sun has ever shone upon.

"And all this for love!"

What Have I Done?

Day after day Heaven, listening, hears men cry:
"What have I done that such a fate as this
Should follow me? What have I done amiss
That clouds of Care should darken all my sky?
That pain should pierce, and that shrewd Poverty
Should pinch me in that grievous grip of his,
What time I tremble over the abyss,
And long for death, yet, longing, dare not die."

But when does Heaven, listening, hear men say:

"What have I done that in the blue-domed skies
The evening star should shine, the spring clouds move,
The world be white with innocence, that May
Has set afield, and God in children's eyes,
To win our hearts to wonder at his love?"

—Julie M. Lippmann, in the *Sunday School Times*.

The keynote of life's harmony is sacrifice.
Not twice, or thrice,
Beneath each sun will souls bow down
To lay the crown
Of will, or time, beneath strange feet,
But many times, that life's chords may be sweet.

—George Klinge.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Thy power and love, my love and trust, make one
place ev'rywhere.

MON.—Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way: God
gave them to thee under lock and key.

TUES.—The way to make thy son rich, is to fill his minde
with rest, before his trunk with riches.

WED.—Dare to be true; nothing can need a ly: A fault
which needs it most, grows two thereby.

THURS.—The cheapest sins most dearly punisht are;
because to shun them also is so cheap.

FRI.—Pick out of tales the mirth but not the sinne. He
pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.

SAT.—If thou do ill; the joy fades, not the pains: If well;
the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

—George Herbert, 1633.

In Brazil.

On visiting one of the houses in beautiful Rio, we en-
tered first a garden filled with quantities of roses, bright
foliage plants, lovely acacias, and many brilliant flowers.
When we came to the house we clapped our hands, and a
solemn, very polite, black woman ushers us into the parlor.
There is no carpet, because Rio is so hot; but there are
handsome great mats, and huge tiger skins with glass eyes
which seem to gaze at us. Pretty lace curtains wave in
the soft breeze. We walk to the company end, where is a
cane-seat sofa, surrounded by chairs socially disposed, and
we look at the curiosities displayed in the room, or out
through the window at the bay glittering in the sunlight.

Presently the lady of the house enters—a fine looking,
rather stout person, with a wealth of glossy black hair.
She greets us with the customary cordiality, a light kiss
on either cheek. Soon black coffee is served. In troop the
children, not in the clothes of small men and women for
the street, but, as it were, in undress costume, the smaller
ones in comfortable little tunics and slippers feet; and
small Pedro absolutely declines even the tunic, careering
about at home as though in the Garden of Eden. In turn
the children advance, give a limp hand to the visitors, sit
down quietly for a time, and then slip out.

We are invited to take off our hats, which are put in the
small windowless bedroom off the great parlor, and we
are conducted to the spacious breezy dining-room or ver-
anda. Here we swing in a hammock while the hostess
excuses herself for a moment and little Néné tells us about
a festa they had last week, when she walked in a proces-
sion as a little angel, with white dress, high-heeled slippers,
fluffy wings, hair curled, and a cornucopia of candy. A hot
and dusty little angel she was, and her shoes pinched dread-
fully. Her sister Sinhá was a virgin, wore a long white
veil and helped to carry the platform of Our Lady. Néné
had five sisters and "Mamma's little god-child"—a friend
whose mother died, and "so she lives with us." Yesterday
they had played "doll baptism" and "had such fun!" But
it was best when she went to the country. "The horses
meet us. One of papa's men carries me, and the two little
ones ride in great baskets slung either side of a mule. All
the rest have horses. When we meet a troop of pack
mules, papa brandishes his arms to make the god-mother
turn out!"

"The what?"

"The god-mother, the front mule, that has a little bell
on its neck—and all the rest follow her. There is a place
in the woods where we always stop to have lunch. There
is a pretty brook near. We carry chicken and pork, and
a capital hash fried in fat and mixed with farina, and we
have a variety of hard little biscuit and fruit. At one
house we stay all night. At whatever time we come the
people make us welcome, and leave everything else to get
us a big dinner.

"We have such fun on the plantation! We get up early,
and drink milk fresh from the cow. We have twenty-four
kinds of fruit on our place. We hunt pine nuts, and eat
jaboticabas—black plums growing right on the trunk of
the tree, without any stem,—and we ride on horse back
and sometimes fly a parrot."

"A what?"

"A parrot—a thing made of paper, with a tail and a
string. The last time I was at the plantation, my little
cousin died. Her mother cried dreadfully, and put on
her oldest clothes, and did not brush her hair. The next
morning six of us girls carried the little angel to the
chapel near. The lid of the white coffin was only put on
after we reached the chapel. She wore her prettiest

dress, a blue one, and gay artificial flowers were scattered all about her. My big brother sent up rockets all the way, and our plantation band played such pretty music, sometimes slow and sad, and sometimes merry! We left her at the chapel. My cousin goes to the American school in São Paulo, and she says that the American ladies make the girls sleep with the door open. Then when they study there are lots of girls crammed into a little room, and all studying aloud. If anyone stops to play, the teacher cries out 'Ts-s-i-u!' and, if the girl does not behave herself soon, the teacher takes off her slipper, and gives her a whack."

But while I have been listening our gracious hostess has returned, who, with little approach to a university education, has somehow developed into a charming woman. I embrace dear, chatty little Néné, and off we go. I put my hand out as you step off briskly, and utter the magic words soonest learned in Brazil, "Patience," "Wait a little," or, as heedless childhood often heard, "Make haste slowly."

From the Country of the Cree.

This tale came to me from the lips of a Meté's interpreter, while the narrator, an old Cree woman, sat in the tepee door, her solemn eyes looking across the fat prairie land, as if in search of something that never came. What she had to tell had happened at that needless battle of Cut-Knife Creek, during the Canadian Northwest uprising of 1884. She spoke slowly and in the Cree tongue:

"We were ninety miles from Cut-Knife, the war councils were over, and our men had gathered to ride over and join the Great Poundmaker in battle against the whites. It was daybreak when they left—my husband, who was a lesser chief; my son, a fine young warrior of sixteen years. My husband rode that horse (pointing to a white pony that grazed beyond the circle of tepees); my son rode a larger animal, but I always liked the white horse best, because her eyes can speak plainer than a man's tongue, and her feet are sure as the sun. Just as they set off, I tied some purple feathers and red beads to her long white mane. 'Bring one of them back to me, anyway,' I said in her ear, for I did not want to let them both go.

"It was many days before we had news of our men. Then came tales of a countless band of white warriors marching toward Poundmaker's. A few hours afterward came the runners, telling there had been a great battle at Cut-Knife Creek. My husband had been killed; my son's horse had been shot under him, but of my boy, Red-Wing himself, they knew nothing. Then some of our braves returned—husbands, sons, fathers of other women. My men were not there; but one of them told how he had found Red-Wing wounded, not badly, he thought, and how he had tied my boy on the back of the white horse—knowing the horse had sense.

"At sundown I saw a white speck across there (pointing to the southeasterly horizon). They said some band was making camp, but I knew what it was. She was coming slowly, scarce moving, but in so straight a line I knew she had a rider; my heart got warm then, and I felt the blood in it for the first time in many days.

"She walked straight on, her head down-bent; I thought it strange, for she was always fleet, and she chafed at slow pace. 'She is tired,' I said; 'the fight and the journey have been too long and hard.' As she came up I saw she had been through the muskies; there was mud to her flanks. She passed the other tepees, halting before mine. The women came then and took me aside—my dead boy was bound to her back."

The woman ceased speaking, her solemn eyes still watching the horizon, her bony hands folded meaninglessly in her lap; ten yards away the ill-blooded, ungainly, human-hearted white horse still grazed the short prairie grass.

She had done what the woman asked; she had brought back one.—*Our Animal Friends.*

I remember well one cold winter night Theodore Parker lecturing before our Lyceum. Here was the man who stood up for the oppressed. There was a sort of sulphuric atmosphere, an indescribable rustle in the audience (a large one), when a boy with a face that seemed to say, "Do you want to fight?" stood boldly out on the floor in front of his desk and glared at him, his cap on one side of his head. Mr. Parker, looking at him through his gold-bowed spectacles, paused, and said in very quiet tones: "Little boy, it would be good manners if you sat down." The boy dropped into the front seat as if a string had been pulled. "And," said Mr. Parker, "it would be still better manners if you took off your hat." The hat came off at once, and the speaker went on undisturbed.—*Ellen Robbins, in New England Magazine.*

The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.—*Helps.*

Books and Authors.

The Principles of Sociology.¹

This is a book which has long been awaited with eager expectation by students of sociology. It incorporates the substance of several earlier essays by the author, including the monograph on "The Theory of Sociology," published as a supplement to Vol. V., No. 1, of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and reviewed editorially in UNITY of August 16, 1894. The general method of treating the subject indicated in that little work is followed in this large volume, and as a result we have a valuable treatise which will, we believe, for many years to come be the text-book on this subject.

In the treatment of sociology, the great desideratum of recent years has been a conception of that science which should afford some guiding principle by means of which it might be distinguished from other sciences, and which should at the same time be wide enough to include all that we do in fact mean by sociology. Professor Giddings will be criticised for having confused his subject with anthropology and ethnology, and it seems true that had he adhered strictly to an hierarchial conception of the sciences (a conception which has had a tyrannous hold upon the minds of philosophizing scientists since the days of Comte), he could hardly have given his subject so broad a treatment as meets us in his exposition of sociology. But although he is himself not entirely uninfluenced by the spell of this conception, and has on page 49 proposed an admirably ingenious extension of the current hierarchial system of the sciences, he has in the main proceeded in accordance with the common-sense assumption that a particular science is neither more nor less than a body of knowledge concerning a group of related phenomena. Most sociological writers since Spencer have been painfully cudgelling their brains in order to find out and give expression to something which would be acknowledged to be sociology and nothing else, and they have hesitated to discuss, in their treatment of the subject, any objective fact which was unquestionably included within the subject-matter of another science—apparently forgetting that it is not the object itself, but the point of view from which it is regarded, which determines whether a thing does or does not come within a given science. To the present writer it seems absurd to attempt to arrange all knowledge in a hierarchy of mutually exclusive sciences; and while it may be true that Professor Giddings would be slow to claim the credit of having defied the tradition which leads systematic writers to fetter themselves and their work by such restrictions as have just been referred to, it is, nevertheless, true that in his practical treatment of his subject he has disregarded them, and in so doing we believe that he has made a distinct advance beyond his fellows in the field of sociological science.

We should be inclined to say that the several sciences may cross each other in the most various ways, and that the same fact may be regarded as a contribution to a dozen different sciences. The killing of a certain man, for instance, may be at once a fact of history, of politics, of ethics, of criminology, of physics, of chemistry, of zoölogy, of ethnology, of aesthetics, etc., etc. And in like manner a certain fact may be a sociological phenomenon and at the same time a biological and a psychological phenomenon. Inasmuch as it has to do with consciousness it is psychological; inasmuch as it concerns the actions of a living organism it is biological, and inasmuch as it is the consequence of *consciousness of kind* it is, according to Professor Giddings, a sociological phenomenon.

This consciousness of kind,—"a state of consciousness in which any being, whether low or high in the scale of life, recognizes another conscious being as of like kind with itself,"—is the determining principles of association and social organization which, in Professor Giddings' view, marks out for us what are properly to be regarded as social phenomena. His final definition of sociology, which he declares to be an explanatory science, is "an interpretation of social phenomena in terms of physical activity, organic adjustment, natural selection, and the conservation of energy."

This statement, as well as that on page 20, where he tells us that the sociologist has three main quests,—"first, he must try to discover the conditions that determine mere

¹*The Principles of Sociology: An Analysis of the Phenomena of Association and of Social Organization.* By Franklin Henry Giddings, A. M., Professor of Sociology in Columbia University in the city of New York. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.; xvi., 476 pp.; \$3.

aggregation and concourse; secondly, he must try to discover the law that governs social choices (the law, that is, of the subjective process); thirdly, he must try to discover also the law that governs the natural selection and the survival of choices (the law, that is, of the objective process),—shows us that his affirmations as to the psychological character of sociology are by no means to be taken absolutely. Notwithstanding these affirmations, Professor Giddings has (and rightly, as it seems to us) included that which is prior, and that which is subsequent, to the action of human consciousness, in his treatment of sociology. This will appear from the following abstract of the contents of his volume. The first book discusses the "Elements of Social Theory." The second is entitled "Elements and Structures of Society," and treats of "The Social Population" (I. Aggregation; II. Association; III. The Social Nature and Social Classes), "The Social Mind" (I. Social Consciousness; II. Social Self-Consciousness), "The Social Composition" (I. Nature and Elements of the Social Composition; II. Ethnical Societies; III. Demotic Societies; IV. Psychology of the Social Composition), and "The Social Constitution" (I. Nature, Extent and Forms of the Social Constitution; II. The State; III. Voluntary Associations; IV. Psychology of the Social Constitution). The third book on "The Historical Evolutions of Society," discusses "Zoögenic Association" (I. Variation; II. Survival), "Anthropogenic Association" (I. Continuity of Animal and Human Society; II. Genesis of Human Nature; III. Origin of Races; IV. Evolution of the Social Mind), "Ethnogenic Association" (I. Problems of Ethnogenic Associations; II. Cluster of Hordes; III. Metronymic Tribe and Folk; IV. Patronymic Tribe and Folk), and "Demogenic Association" (I. Nature and Stages of Civilization; II. Military-Religious Civilization; III. Liberal-Legal Civilization; IV. Economic-Ethical Civilization; V. Fact and Nature of Progress). The fourth book is entitled "Social Process, Law and Cause," and treats of the social process, physical and psychical, formulates the laws of imitation and choice and of limitation and survival, and sums up as to the nature and end of society.

Professor Giddings' work has in a high degree that most valuable characteristic of a contribution to human thought, suggestiveness. His discussion of the evolution of culture and tradition in his chapter on "Demogenic Association" is especially rich in suggestion. Perhaps that is another way of saying that this chapter contains more questionable statements than any other in the book. The reviewer is inclined to think that this is so, and he maintains, nevertheless, that it is one of the most helpful chapters of a very useful book.

The suggestion that consciousness of kind is the master motive in distinctively social phenomena, just as the desire to obtain the greatest possible wealth with the least possible effort has been held to be the master motive in distinctly economic phenomena, seems to the writer a most happy inspiration. This is Professor Giddings' main contribution to the theory of sociology, and, whether it be destined ultimately to stand or fall, it is the most fruitful hypothesis that has to the writer's knowledge yet been advanced.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that, were the work to be taken up in detail, there would be numerous occasions for the writer of this review to express his dissent from views set forth by the author. Professor Giddings' use of the terms subjective and objective in the first chapter, for instance, seems to the writer very faulty, and his hostility to the biological conception of society and his objection to the term organism seems to be founded on a misapprehension, and the latter objection to be unsustained by anything that he has urged in opposition (granting the truth of all that he has so urged). On the other hand, he seems to the writer to take Mr. Spencer's formula of evolution altogether too seriously (see chapter on "The Social Process; Physical").

The book which is of greatest value to a reader, however, is not that which most exactly expresses his own views, but that which most effectively stimulates his mental and moral activity. Professor Giddings' book is highly stimulating. He is a vigorous thinker and a strong writer, and he has a broad knowledge of his subject and its various affiliations which is as refreshing as it is unusual in this day of scientific specialists and non-scientific sociologists. In one direction, perhaps, Professor Giddings is not quite so perfectly informed as might be desired. He seems disposed to recognize but one type of socialism, and not to have fully grasped the *spirit* of socialism as it appears in its most recent manifestations. In general, however, we suspect that much of what seems to us unsatisfactory in the text is the result of the compression which the limits of a single volume make necessary, and that a little fuller exposition of his views would remove the unfavorable impression.

The book is well indexed and is accompanied by a valuable classified bibliography,—valuable, but by no means exhaustive.

F. W. S.

The June Magazines.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly is a valuable contribution to the magazine literature of the month. It is a number to be read through.

The Review of Reviews.—Just to run the eye down the "Table of Contents" is inspiring. Most everything you want to know about is here in bright, terse, available form.

Current History.—The first quarter is just out; a handy volume for those who wish to keep posted up to date as the title implies. A good magazine to lie on the study table within easy reach.

The Bookman contains several clever reviews, an admirable article on Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë. Ian Maclaren's serial is attractive reading. Altogether *The Bookman*, from cover to cover, is bright and full of interest.

The New World contains, among others, an article on "Cardinal Manning," by St. George Mivart, "The Limits of Evolution," by G. H. Howison, and "The Will to Believe," by William James. These all ought to have more than passing mention; they deserve to be studied.

St. Nicholas.—Mrs. Bernard begins a series of "Talks With Boys and Girls About Themselves." The first one is, "What Your Bodies are Made Of." The number is an interesting one if one may judge by the bright eyes so loth to drop it when bedtime comes.

The Cosmopolitan.—Mr. Hobart C. Taylor gives his impressions of the Spanish capital and people, during his short residence there. Beatrice Harraden's story "Hilda Strafford" is brought to a conclusion, and "Some Examples of Recent Art," by Rosa Bonheur, Lord Leighton and others, add much to the attractiveness of the magazine.

The Metaphysical Magazine leads the uninitiated into mysterious regions. "The Rosecrucian Brotherhood," "Karma in the Upanishads," "The Correlation of Spiritual Forces" on to the "Department of Psychic Experiences," where the psychometrist reads the history of minerals as from an open book and sees the fire mist which preceded the crystal.

The Century.—Dr. Albert Shaw deals with many important problems of municipal government in his paper on "City Government in St. Louis." His suggestions are not only applicable and valuable to St. Louis, but to other large cities working toward municipal reform. Professor Sloane's "Napoleon" maintains its interest, and will continue until the October number.

The Art Amateur.—Always welcome to the art student; has also much to interest those who can only lay claim to a love for the beautiful. It contains many available designs for china painting and embroidery. Among the art notes we read that Jules Guerin, of the Chicago Society of Artists, has carried off at the recent exhibition both the Mead prize of \$100 and the Yerkes prize of \$300, for pictures in water color and oil.

The Unitarian does not belie its name in this number. Here are some of the subjects treated: "A Century of Unitarianism," "Orthodox, or Unitarian," "American Unitarian Association," "The Claims of Unitarianism," "National Alliance of Unitarian Women," besides the "News From the Field," which gives many interesting Unitarian items. We are glad that Mr. Sunderland remembered his promise to the editor, and shares his sight-seeing with the readers of the *Unitarian*. He writes of a tour through Egypt and Palestine.

The Arena for this month enters upon its sixteenth volume. With a feeling of honest pride, the editor dwells upon its past history and well-known intellectual hospitality. The list of writers for the last six years is, in itself, an indication of the excellence of the contributions. The promise for the future is, that the present volume will "eclipse all previous volumes in ability, and vigor, no less than in the conscience element." The June number argues

well for its fulfillment. Success to the *Arena* in its high efforts.

The Atlantic Monthly.—Those who like to get close to the lives of the authors they love, will find much to interest them in the "Letters of D. G. Rossetti," by George Birkbeck Hill. Olive Thorne Miller contributes a paper in her own special line, on "The Bird of the Musical Wing." The ruby-throated humming bird is said, contrary to the habits of the feathered world in general, to absent himself from his family during the time that his mate is brooding and rearing the young. Why does he do so? Watch the nest for three weeks with the help of the writer's seeing eyes, until the youngest birdling has taken flight, and even if you are not ready to accept her "theory," you will have been richly paid for the time spent with these bright bits of nature.

The North American Review.—Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone concludes his lengthy surmises on "Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein." It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone has cleared his own mind by these studies, for the average reader is left floundering in doubt as to whether the "character of the Almighty needs to be vindicated," and the problems of "free will," "inherent sin" and "endless punishment" are still pressing. Prof. N. S. Shaler writes on "Environment and Man in New England." Environment, as used by botanists and zoölogists had a much more limited and definite meaning than it has come to possess in its general usage. This paper is an examination into the limits which should be placed on its transformed state, happily illustrated by the district of New England, and the effect of its climate, soil and surroundings upon the inhabitants. The article well repays close study.

Notes and Comments.

Horace M. Pym, editor of the Journals of Caroline Fox, is dead. His library contained among its many treasures a copy of Thucydides, inscribed in pencil, "William M. Thackeray, Charterhouse, 1827," and bearing on the cover what was, perhaps, the novelist's first attempt at verse:

"Love's like a mutton-chop,
Soon it grows cold,
All its attractions hop
Ere it grows old.
Love's like the colic sure,
Both painful to endure;
Brandy's for both a cure,
So I've been told.

"When for some fair the swain
Burns with desire;
In Hymen's fatal chain
Eager to try her;
He weds as soon as he can,
And jumps—unhappy man—
Out of the frying-pan
Into the fire."

This from *The Critic*. Thackeray seems to have had a taste for English editions of the classics during his school days. They were helpful to him. In a Chicago private library is his "Orations of Demosthenes," translated by Thomas Leland, inscribed in ink as follows:

"William M. Thackeray,
Trjn: Coll: Cambridge-1829."

Macmillan & Co., of New York, following the example of the London firm of the same name in becoming an incorporated company, have reorganized and transferred their business to a stock company and will be known hereafter as The Macmillan Company.

Its president for the first year will be George P. Brett, who, for some years past, has been the managing partner of the New York house. No changes in policy and administration are contemplated beyond those naturally resulting from the gradual increase of the business of the firm which has been giving special attention of late to its American publications.

The directors of the Macmillan Company for the first

year are the former members of the firm, Messrs. Frederic Macmillan, George A. Macmillan, George L. Craik, Maurice Macmillan, George P. Brett, with Alex. B. Balfour, Lawrence Godkin, Edward J. Kennet and Lawton L. Walton.

The Macmillan Company announce the novels of Alphonse Daudet, translated into English, with charming vignette illustrations printed in the text of each novel, by Bieler, Montégut, Rossi, Myrbach and others. The volumes will be issued monthly, bound in cloth, at \$1 each.

The *Interior* gives it up, so does the author of *Under the Pines*. The *New York Journal* calls it "the strangest book of the year," and says it "furnishes the world with a real literary mystery." * * * Only a reading of the whole book can do justice to its fine literary quality. And as to what it means—well, that is another story." The *Chicago Journal* thinks "the double-distilled essence of double-distilled culture is not for the delectation of the masses, and Mr. Fuller will remain for the present the object of a small, though enthusiastic cult." The *Chicago Post* says any one of the twelve plays "may be read by a reasonably intelligent person and fairly comprehended in a dozen minutes." The *Chicago Times-Herald* says "it is great fun," while the *Tribune* thinks "someone is dead in Sordello," though not saying so precisely in these words. The *Elite* (Chicago) assures us that it is dead easy, and we suspect that the vivacious Mrs. Armstrong (or is she Miss?) has been interviewing the author.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fuller sits in his "Booth" and smiles—and smiles.

The *Athenaeum* of May 30 contains a note on some books from Wordsworth's library which are to be sold at auction in London, June 23, next. The writer of the note refers to Wordsworth as "distinctly a book-lover;" yet nearly every book mentioned in this list is a presentation copy. The poet of Rydal Mount has not hitherto been known as much of a book-lover, that is, one who buys and reads books, and his library comprehended principally presentation copies of books written by his contemporaries. Some of Wordsworth's books have been in the market for years, and their character would indicate that he was little of a reader, with no consuming affection for things which he had not the courage to buy. That he did show a sufficient regard for his books to write his autograph in them, we have abundant evidence, but it is claimed that many of those books bearing his autograph are in some respects defective. Is it possible he was a vandal? One has seen a copy of Heraud's "Descent into Hell," which bears Wordsworth's autograph in two places, which would indicate a tender regard either for this poet of mediocrity or for the book, but presumably the former, as Wordsworth was not very generous toward those of his contemporaries who were his equals. Nor does he seem to have been very generous in presenting copies of his own books to those whose remembered him. We have no record of a copy of his "Lyrical Ballads" presented to John Keats, though a copy of the latter's "Poems, 1817," inscribed "to Wordsworth, with the author's sincere regards," is in the *Athenaeum* list. Wordsworth could tolerate Heraud, who was his inferior, but others resented the latter's pompous, overbearing egotism. Douglas Jerrold once sat upon him most effectually at a dinner when asked: "Did you ever see my 'Descent into Hell?'" "No, but I should like to," was the answer.

Post-Graduate Work in our Universities. Few people realize how much original research and creative work based thereon is being done in the upper departments of our American universities. Published monographs on historical subjects have been a feature of the work at John Hopkins from the start, among the recent publications of that university being "A Study of Quaker Settlements in the South." We have before spoken of a similar piece of original work done by Dr. Libby of the Wisconsin University concerning Old Helena and the lead regions of territorial Wisconsin. We have before us a "History of the Danes in America," by John H. Bille, of the same institution; also an extensive study of one hundred and sixty-two pages of "The Official Relations between the United States and the Sioux Indians," by Lucy E. Textor, M. A., of the Leland Stanford University. Miss Textor is now preaching with acceptance to the Unitarian Society at Grand Haven, Mich. Lastly, we have an edition, with learned notes, of John Lydgate's "Assembly of the Gods," a work of the fifteenth century, by Dr. Oscar L. Triggs of the University of Chicago.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

The President's Annual Report of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Our Society had two tasks laid upon it this year, one of which was the completion of the Six Years' Course.

The Six Years' Course marks an epoch in the Sunday school teaching. It is, as far as I know, the first Sunday school course to recognize the universality of religion and to apply the principle of evolution to the Hebrew and Christian religions. The first year, as you know, traced out the earliest visible origins of religious thought in the human mind. The second studied some of the older religions of the world comparatively. The third year took up the growth of the Hebrew religion. The fourth year covered the flowering of Hebrew religion into Christianity, while the fifth and sixth took up the growth of Christianity and the flowering of Christianity into the Universal Religion of Character. The sixth year Mr. Gannett consented to prepare, and he has given us the steps by which the flowers opened, as well as the principles that guided them, but he has not yet been able to complete the course by describing the flower itself, which was an important part of the topic. He hopes to give us at a later date a manual on the "Faiths of Liberal Religion." But, practically, we have completed our Six Years' Course. The course was all planned and two years of it already carried out when I became connected with the Society. I have tried to carry out the remaining years of the course as well as I could, and I have abstained from all criticism of it. But now that it is ended and the question of revision arises, I think it my duty to point out one respect in which it seems to me to commit the same fundamental error committed by our conventional Sunday school lessons. It seems to confuse religion with the science of religion and the study of religion, and to assume that anything concerning religion is necessarily religious. We all know of Sunday schools where the study of the geography of Palestine is thought to be religious, or the study of the dates and authorship of the books of the Bible, or the credibility

of the birth or resurrection stories. The study of these subjects does indeed have its rightful place in the adult classes, because the Hebrew and Christian religions have been connected so exclusively with Palestine and the Bible that we have to study these things to put them in their right relation to religion. But for the younger minds, hungry for religion, there is no food in the lakes and rivers of Palestine or in the dates and authorship of the Bible books, nor least of all in the disapproval of the miraculous stories. These things are the mere husks of the old religion, and the ground in which it stood--necessary for its growth, but with no nourishment for us now. What the younger minds want for religious food, is the pure wheat, without any husks. What they need to be taught is not a religion, with its books and authors, and dates, and sacred geography and sacred history, and still less many religions with their conflicting and distracting geographies and chronologies and marvelous tales. They want simply religion.

Whatever we regard as an essential part of that long struggle of humanity to commence with Infinity--that we should teach our younger classes, and add only enough of the history and geography to make our teaching clear. If we wish to give a girl of twelve the religious food to be found in Emerson, we would not begin with the geography of Concord and of Massachusetts, and the history of the Puritans in America and England, and of the Protestant Reformation. We would not trouble her with the dates and names of Emerson's works, even. We would pick out a dozen of his clearest and most helpful thoughts and teach them to her, and tell her how he lived in a little town where he could satisfy his love of nature, how he could not accept the religious rites and beliefs of his day and was called a heretic, but that he was one of God's prophets to reveal religion to the world. And why can we not teach the religious utterances of a Gautama, an Isalah, a Jesus in the same way, explaining enough of the background to show how uplifting this teaching was? And instead of setting before the child half a dozen religions with their disturbing and distracting dogmas, why can we not set before the child our clearest conception of God in Man as a great truth, and then show how all the stories of Divine incarnation were only earlier efforts to express this truth? Why can we not set before our class the imminence of God

in bird and animal and insect and plant, and then show how the worship of these creatures were attempts to express this truth? And so on through all the essential elements of religion. Then Totemism and birth-stories would become really religious. And by using the Egyptian religion to illustrate animal worship, the Hindoos to illustrate plant worship and others to illustrate other principles. We should have religion in the foreground and religions in the background. We should give the children the wheat and only show them the husks and the fields, instead of giving them the fields and the husks first. As you may know, when I was asked to prepare the second year of our course in book form--"Some Great Religions"--I consented only on condition that I should be allowed to reverse its treatment and put it in this way with the great truths first and the particular religions as only illustrations of the way the truths grow. In different parts of the world. And I was allowed to treat the first year--"Beginnings"--in the same way. The stories had been treated as poetic metaphors or mere fancies of early men, while I regarded them as not metaphors at all, nor mere fancies, but the earliest attempts to give a reasonable explanation of the Universe. When our Society can give our young scholars a set of manuals on this principle I think we shall have done an epoch-making work.

Another task our Society undertook this year was the preparation of some illustrated leaflets for the youngest scholars, from five to ten years of age. The problem of the Sunday school is to make the child feel that there is a Being of Love, and Wisdom and Power, who cares for all his creatures. The Bible stories of God creating the world, appearing to Moses in the burning bush, smiting the Egyptians and saving the Israelites, and raising the dead to life through his son Jesus, and similar stories, do make the child feel that there is a God who cares for his chosen people. The religious nature of the child is aroused and he is helped to become a religious man. But if he finds when he grows up that the stories are not true, he may lose his religion with his belief in the stories; while if the teacher no longer believes these stories and tells the child that they are not true, they will fail to develop the child's religious feeling at all. And, therefore, if we are going to continue to train up our children to be religious, we must have some true stories to use in the place of these discredited tales. And these stories must be based on the science and history of to-day, as the older stories were based on the science and history of the primitive Hebrews and early Christians. So our Society decided last year that we would try to find some material for this purpose in Nature studies. The fact that the race had grown up to religion through Nature worship, made me feel that it would be natural for the child-mind to go through the same process now as it developed into religion.

The conditions we imposed made the task of preparing the leaflets a very difficult one. The material must not only be interesting, but it must be religious, must teach the wisdom, love and power of the Universe. Then it must be such as could be represented by pictures that would speak to the eye of the child of five, and it must be already pictured because we could not employ artists to draw for us. And it must be in a personal form, so that the child's imagination could take it and make a story of it. Besides that it seemed wise to have a picture bearing on the subject by some real artist in every number to cultivate the art instinct of the child, which is an essential part of religion. And finally we decided to put in a bit of verse from the religious part of the Bible or from some of our poets,

to be fixed in the mind of the child as a germ for later growth.

To make the series personal and fit it to the child's mind we called it "Mother Nature Children," the mother of the child being the conception most familiar to the child's fancy. And we took topics like Cradling the Baby, Tending the Baby, Setting the Table, Clothing the Family, and so on, that should keep within the ready range of the child's thought. We took only ten topics for the year, but repeated each topic four times, because lasting impressions come only from such repetition. But the four subdivisions were successive steps leading the child onward. For example, in Cradling the Baby we go from the human cradle to the birds', and pass on to that of the animals, insects and plants, and culminate in the suggestion of the Infinite arms cradling all life on the earth and holding the earth itself. And so each fourth number was intended to culminate and give unity to the whole year. And each number was made long enough to be a sufficient lesson, even if it were only read, while if questions were asked and answered, half or two thirds of the number could be read. Of course, with my many other imperative duties I could give only a little time to each number, even though I labored early and late, and the result is far below what I hoped it would be. We have a committee appointed to consider the result and help remove defects and improve it in other ways. But even imperfect as it is, I cannot but think it is one more step taken by our Society towards helping the Christian world to that grand change of front from a tribal religion based on a savage scene to a Universal religion based on the civilized science of the nineteenth century.

This coming year we ought to issue Mr. Crooker's Lessons of the Growth of Christianity. We have the plates ready and the first edition is nearly exhausted. Of new work the greatest need at present is some lesson teaching the religious side of everyday life.

Next to that, the request comes oftenest for some handbook for girls from twelve to fifteen years of age. The divinity of Womanhood waits for some prophet to reveal it so that the growing girl will see woman's duties as well as woman's rights, will see the great truth of evolution that woman is really on the pathway of human growth, while man stands to one side.

On the report of the schools I am glad to report a gratifying increase of the attendance, compared with the numbers of 1894, of nearly twenty-five per cent., though the attendance at the churches has fallen off at least ten per cent. during this period. Of course, it is natural for us to attribute this increase to the special efforts that have been made to help the schools during these three years. More attention is paid to the music and the festivals, and in many schools marching has been introduced as part of the regular exercises. I think we do not sufficiently realize that children are childish even in Liberal Sunday schools, and need to have childish things to interest and develop them.

The matter of Sunday School Unions has reached a success in one part of our Conference. At St. Paul and Minneapolis there is a Twin City Liberal Sunday school that has grown the past year from an attendance of two to one of one hundred and twenty. The Union meets with different churches and has first a supper and then papers and discussion of Sunday school matters, and it has proved successful in calling out much interest in the teachers as well as securing excellent attendance.

We hope Chicago may start such a Union the coming year, and perhaps Moline and Davenport will be encouraged to make the effort once more for the one which was planned for this year, but was given up.

And we would urge upon all the State

Conferences the advisability of having not only a place on their program for the Sunday school, but regular delegates to report at such Conferences. We think with a little care in planning the different State Conferences we might be able to secure the presence of successful Sunday school workers like Mr. Horton, the president of our East Society and so kindle a new enthusiasm for the cause. The life of the church depends on the Sunday school more than upon any other thing, and if the Sunday school flourishes the church will be safe.

A. W. GOULD.

The Secretary's Report.

The twenty-third annual meeting, held on May 13, drew out an unusually large and widely representative attendance. After the reports of the president and treasurer (which are published elsewhere in this issue), Rev. W. C. Wendte was introduced as "the man who had caroled himself into the hearts of our Sunday school workers." Mr. Wendte spoke briefly of the part played by educational institutions as pioneers of the liberal forces on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. C. J. Bartlett then gave a brief talk on "Every Day Religion" in which she outlined a course undertaken in her school for pupils of ten years and over. The course hinged on the presenting of every day topics in a new light, and the drawing from them of moral and religious lessons which might be helpful during the other six days of the week. Some of these topics, like that on the police (not the skull-crackers, but the guardians of the peace who do ten pacific acts of helpfulness for everyone of violence), helped to correct the current impressions in children's minds. The glorifying of the public school and its corps of workers, the studying of firemen not merely as protectors of property, but even as martyrs for the public safety, or the tracing of uncleanness in one ward of the city as the cause of an epidemic which knows no ward lines—these and kindred topics were so handled as to start helpful lines of thought in the scholars. Their enthusiasm in the course made them ready workers, so while the plan followed was only a rather tentative one, still the results have shown themselves in the Kindergarten, the Industrial School and other activities of Miss Bartlett's church.

Under the head of "Reports from Schools," Rev. Florence Buck mentioned the clamor in her Cleveland Sunday school for a course on Bible stories. The great need, as expressed by both teachers and scholars, seemed to be that of the legitimate study of the Bible. In their teachers' meeting they had made it a point to always find an apt story for the younger classes, so as to extend the single topic system to these also. Miss Buck wished we might have a special magazine for teachers so as to help them in their arduous work.

Mr. Albert Scheible spoke of a single-record-book system tried at Unity Sunday school in place of the customary class-books. Rev. L. J. Duncan said that his scholars were urged to keep and file their copies of the Nature Studies. As a result of this, the parents also take great interest in the papers, and through them in the work of the school. Rev. A. M. Judy spoke of Mr. Gannett's lessons as valuable educators, and of the "Nature Studies" as the finest leaflets he had ever tried for bringing out the best thoughts in children.

At the suggestion of the nominating committee, the following were then elected by unanimous vote:

President—Rev. A. W. Gould.

Vice-President—Miss Mary L. Lord.

Secretary and treasurer—Mr. Albert Scheible.

Directors (to May, 1899)—Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Junlata Stafford, Ethical Culture Society; Mr. C. E.

Raymond, Hinsdale; Mr. Geo. M. Kendall, Oak Park.

At the afternoon session, Rev. E. E. Gordon briefly summed up three criticisms on the "Nature Studies," all three of which might be traceable to shortcomings on the part of the teachers. She, too, was among the many who were highly pleased with Mr. Gould's admirable work on this series. Mrs. Chas. J. Dimmick of Quincy, Ill., then told how a profitable teacher's meeting was possible, even when the school was divided into five grades. Fifteen minutes of each session was devoted to a weekly review of the points taught in each grade, and this review keeps each teacher informed of what the others are doing, so that there may be a helpful interchange of ideas at the usual teachers' meeting.

A paper on "The Development of Religious Life in the Young" was then presented by Rev. C. J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo. Miss Bartlett held it wrong to begin by giving instruction in certain religious doctrines, this method being the outcome of the old notion that a child is by nature bad and therefore has to have goodness dosed out to it. She thought that religion was by nature within the child (otherwise nothing which we could do would make it religious) and that the developing of this religious nature was hindered rather than helped by the mentioning of theological and doctrinal terms. We should first teach the child to attend to what is within him and then to what is round about him, within his reach. In the child nature we can find foremost and above all else the voice of conscience. Whatever our opinion as to conscience, we all agree that it is one's duty to do what one sees to be right. To listen to this voice is to have a guide all through life. Let us impress it upon the child as the highest and most authoritative voice that can speak to him in all his life. Teach it to him by stories and by examples, so that he may grow to learn the right, to obey the right and to love the right. Then let him see that when he obeys he is happy and when he disobeys he suffers, because the penalty of discomfort comes with a violation of this law of his nature. Even to the mind of a child this will argue that there is a power in the universe working for good, and that just so far as he obeys the voice within him he is a partner in the universe. The

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Acknowledgements.

THE HELEN HEATH FRESH AIR FUND.

To secure a fortnight's country outing to over-worked women and girls upon whose strength depends not only their own but others' support, seven dollars pays the expenses of one woman, ten dollars of one woman and child.

Amounts received to June 8, 1896.

C. J. Weiser and mother, Decora, Ia.	\$7.00
Mrs. M. H. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.	10.50
Mr. F. D. Patterson, Chicago.	10.50
Jas. W. Ellsworth, Chicago.	12.00
Dr. Willoughby Walling, Chicago.	10.00
George R. Peck, Chicago.	25.00

\$74.50

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I have not made less than sixteen dollars any day while selling Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. Anyone should make from five to eight dollars a day selling cream, and from seven to ten dollars selling Freezers, as it is such a wonder, there is always a crowd wanting cream. You can freeze cream elegantly in one minute and that astonishes people so they all want to taste it and then many of them buy freezers as the cream is smooth and perfectly frozen. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze cream perfectly in one minute. Anyone can sell ice cream and the freezer sells itself. My sister makes from ten to fifteen dollars a day. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo., will mail you full particulars free, so you can go to work and make lots of money anywhere, as with one freezer you can make a hundred gallons of cream a day, or if you wish they will hire you on a salary.

thought of this great power is within the comprehension of the child. Then children invariably love what is beautiful and good, hence we can teach them by examples. Tell them of Jesus, Paul, Lincoln, General Armstrong, Florence Nightingale—and, most of all, teach them by giving them an opportunity to do something, to co-operate with this power for righteousness. We have appealed too much to precedent and too little to the unperturbed instincts of the child. Even children can comprehend Emerson's great word: "'Tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth or the right he ought to die." Lead him along these lines till he sees that there must be something about him greater than the living body, till he feels like saying not "I have a soul" but "I am a soul."

Meanwhile let us show the wisdom, love and power manifested in nature all around us. Then he will see that this power is always bringing the higher out of the lower, and that the same power bids him draw out his highest self. Our wisest men have called this power by various names, and what matters the name if only we find out the essence of it. Let us give our children nothing cut and dried, but lead them very gradually from what is in and around them. When we teach the omnipresence of God through nature and through life, what an assurance it is to the child! If we can make the child understand that through obedience to the law which he can recognize in himself he will attain to his highest development, then we have really helped the religious life of that child. Let us teach the thing and leave the name to take care of itself. Teach them nothing that they must unlearn, for they will get enough wrong ideas in spite of all our efforts. Give them the stories and the legends, not as facts, but merely for their religious lessons.

And when we have done this, how shall we expect this religious life of the child to manifest itself? Let us be very careful on this point. I am not anxious to hear those talk religion who do not practice it in their every day life. We do not want a forced expression of what is not really within us. Let us have no word or prayer but what comes out of the deep experiences of the speaker's life. Let our children sing nothing but what they really and honestly believe. Let there be a due reticence about those matters that are deepest and divinest, and let us be very careful about our test of religious development. If we find a sweet seriousness in our young people, a tendency to brighten the home life and to help where help is needed, then we may be assured that all is well with them.

In opening the discussion on Miss Bartlett's paper, Rev. E. A. Horton (president of the Eastern Sunday School Society) emphasized the importance of developing the natural instincts of a child so that they may be turned into powers for good. Take, for instance, that common instinct in all children, curiosity. Left to haphazard influences it may light a match and start a conflagration, but if rightly guided it may unlock a great mystery and lead on

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to progress. Or take the instinct of the love of power, without which there can be no virility in character. Shall it mean the making of a Napoleon or of a Washington? Or the instinct of imitation, which might make a mere ape, a slave to custom and formality. Fasten this instinct on something that inspires originality, then it will bring the child's personality into his copying. So, too, there is the tribal or clan instinct, which has drawn the sword, built walls around nations and made an aristocracy here and there; turn this same instinct into the love of humanity, into that grand instinct of human nature—patriotism. And let us broaden this from narrow local lines into a patriotic devotion for all mankind. Let us teach our children the fullness of humanity, the Godsense, the converged and focused power given by Jesus to all when before him. Then draw out the instinct of the inner voice, of a conscience telling us the ethical standard which makes the golden rule possible. And let us remember that religion depends largely on sentiment, the bathing and refreshing element in life. The sentiment that man can live together, that sanctifies consecrated spots—such sentiment guided in modern ways is after all the greatest power that can be brought to bear on the religious nature inherent in the child. For religion is just as natural as science or as the gropings of the intellect.

Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, in his address on "Young People's Religious Societies," started with a protest against a common heresy: "We hear it said that we do not want to teach our young people, and particularly our children, much, because we are afraid of biasing them. But surely they are going to be biased in some way or other before they grow up; then in the name of God and of common sense let liberal religion do the biasing. We might learn a lesson from the orthodox movement in one particular, namely, in taking hold of the young people and guiding them. Most of our churches have not had that sympathetic environment which seemed to draw out the young. For this purpose the Guild seems to excel, because it begins at the right end and not at the social end. The young Unitarian needs religious training. Get him to be truly religious and you can get him to be anything else."

The next speaker, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, called attention to the three great ideas of the times as emphasized in the Conference meetings. First, the flash of that great idea of religious brotherhood, the tendency toward what is best for all, toward equality. Then the tendency to specialize, so as to do the most effective work, just as in all professions. And, third, the need of organization. We have gradually learnt that these three tendencies are not opposed. Already the Sunday school work is specialized, the woman's work does the same, and both with good results. Now what are we going to do for young men and women to utilize the tremendous enthusiasm of youth? Here the National Young Peoples' Union comes forward offering to bring the young folks into closer relations with one another, to foster religious truthseeking, and to make for higher goals, not through salvation, but through service. The cry of the church has been: "Sinner, save thyself." We want to say: "Save others and thus thyself." Not salvation, but service, is the keynote of our young people's organization.

Miss Stafford suggested as an appropriate name for the new national organization, "The Young People's Religious Union." It

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during the whole of her anticipation, requires all of her own forces and all that can be added to them. The coming child needs all the mother can give and all that makes bone, muscle, blood, nerve and growth. After the child comes, both need nutriment, gentle stimulant, restoring sleep and sweet digestible food.

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was voted that the meeting endorse the above name and that an action in favor of it be recommended to the Western Unitarian Conference. Mr. Jones spoke against the drawing of age lines and plead for a homelike church, where old and young worked together as one body. Others favored the separate banding of the young people as a step in the right direction. The meeting then adjourned.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Secretary.

Miss Stafford and Mr. Kendall made their debut as directors at the meeting June 2, the others present being Miss Lord, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Gould (presiding) and Mr. Scheible. The president and treasurer were instructed to take steps toward issuing a new edition of parts I and II of Mr. Gannett's "Childhood of Jesus." In response to numerous calls for bound copies of the first year's Nature Studies, it was voted to bind one hundred copies and offer them at 85 cents each. Miss Bartlett of Kalamazoo having kindly consented to meet with a committee during the summer to outline a course of lessons on "Every Day Religion," Miss Stafford, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Scheible were appointed as this committee. It was also decided to devote the next year's "Nature Studies" to a series on "Mother Nature's Rules." The board then adjourned till September.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Secretary.

The Treasurer's Report.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR ENDING MAY 12, 1896.

The figures below show briefly three things: First, that we have made ends meet and have a little balance toward our summer expenses. Second, that the year's business has been larger than ever before (being \$1,337.93 in merchandise sales, of which about \$425 was for "Nature Studies"). Third, we have adhered to our policy of selling publications about at cost, counting on friendly contributions to pay our current expenses. We still feel handicapped in not being able to reach out to the many schools who may be needing material like ours without knowing of it, but hope to come in contact with more of these during the coming year:

Receipts—	
Cash balance, May 14, 1895.....	\$70.10
Collected for outstanding bills.....	82.64
Collected for merchandise sales.....	1,337.93
Annual memberships.....	34.00
Life memberships—	
Miss Bella L. Taussig and Miss Lida Drake.....	\$20.00
Donations—	
Mr. Geo. Stickney.....	\$10.00
Tray collection at '95 Conference.....	.20
	\$10.20
Contributions from schools—	
Buda, Ill.....	\$3.00
Chicago, All Souls.....	25.00
Chicago, Third Church.....	20.00
Chicago, Unity Church.....	10.00
Cleveland.....	20.00
Davenport.....	10.00
Des Moines.....	2.00
Geneseo.....	8.00
Geneva.....	5.00
Grand Haven.....	5.00
Helena, Mont.....	5.00
Kalamazoo.....	5.00
Hinsdale.....	10.00
Moline.....	2.00
Milwaukee.....	2.25
Sheffield.....	3.00
Streator.....	10.00
Sioux City.....	10.00
Rochester, N. Y.....	15.00
St. Louis, Church of the Unity.....	10.00
St. Paul.....	20.00
St. Cloud.....	5.00
Washta.....	1.50
Davenport (for 1895).....	5.00
Chicago, Ethical Culture (for 1895).....	5.00
Sioux City (for 1895).....	12.50
	\$229.25

Total Receipts.....	\$1,785.12
Disbursements—	
Merchandise bought and publications made.....	\$1,140.39
Postage, express and stationery.....	110.03
Salary of clerk.....	424.00
Cash on hand May 12, 1896.....	109.70
	\$1,784.12

Resources—	
Publications in stock.....	\$1,256.30
Plates and cuts.....	1,649.75
Furniture.....	40.00
Bills receivable, net.....	7.35
Endowment fund.....	57.43
	\$3,010.83

Respectfully submitted,
ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Treasurer.

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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plumber, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish) Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street, Joseph Stolz, Minister.

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RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan avenue and 64th street. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby avenue.

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